

## THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.  
122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.  
Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.  
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## THE WEATHER.

The weather to-day promises to be fair and slightly colder; westerly winds.

Brooklyn takes in all Kings County after this morning.

Here is another year, and the "L" road has not reformed yet!

Burglars are using dynamite now. They will be carrying off houses next.

The country wants no new and prolonged tariff agitation as a New Year's gift.

'Twas mainly a fearful December, but jocund as the closing days drew near.

Ohio is making a vigorous effort to secure local option. When shall we get it?

Dunraven is getting cursed by his compatriots now for leaving here so hastily.

Eighteen Ninety-five will be memorable as the year when America said "Whoa, England!"

A league for the reform of the city budget seems among the imminent heads of this city.

Six millions used in remodeling the Naval Academy at Annapolis would be money well spent.

The introduction of a bill for a State Excise Board is said to be on the programme for an early day in the Legislature.

Even ancient maidens tooted the tin horn with frantic glee last night, for the year which they ushered in is a "leap year."

What Senator Raines is after with his new ballot law is to shut out independents. He will get shut out for good after a while.

Comptroller Fitch would not append his signature to the new budget of appropriations. Perhaps he thought it out of all measure.

Mr. Chandler is calling for information into the armor plate con. He wants to know why pen- are not in it.

The arrest of a policeman caught in the act of levying blackmail must serve as a severe object-lesson. Little Clarence Lexow will be coming back if this goes on.

The Westminster Gazette is much more pacific in its sentiments since it finds that America was not scared by the panic in Wall street. It advises Lord Salisbury to arbitrate.

## THE NEW EPOCH.

As the door of 1896 swings wide open, and we stand expectant upon the threshold, we cannot help perceiving that we are about entering upon a new epoch. It is not merely the gradual transition from one year to another which we are called upon to salute.

We are leaving an old epoch behind and entering upon a new one. The mighty thrill of change is perceptible in everything. Many institutions, powers and customs once thought as lasting as the earth itself are passing away. New forces have awakened in unexpected quarters. New elements must henceforth enter into the calculations of nations and men who wish to be in the van of the world's progress.

The year 1895 was wonderful. It was fertile in sources of astonishment. It awoke and put into action the energies of a great Asiatic Power, which borrowed from the Occident all that it found of good; showed singularly keen taste in rejecting the bad; struck down the power of China; and entered into the field of industrial competition with Western nations. There is not a factory owner in England or America who does not feel that since the uprisal of Japan industrial competition is on a new and radically changed basis. Great changes, too, have swept over the Turkish Empire, and soon the sovereignty of the historic city which lies on the confines of Europe, at the doors of Asia, is to pass from the hands of the Turks into those of wise and just Europeans. The past year will have a bad notoriety in history for some of the worst religious persecutions ever known. But out of these will arise new nationalities with aspirations and hopes which were entirely impossible under Turkish domination. Vast new communities—States fit for empires—have been carved out of Africa by France, by England, by Italy, by Germany. A railroad from Cairo to Cape Town is one of the possibilities of the campaign started by Cecil Rhodes in 1895. The mystery of Africa is clearing up.

The cauldron of transformation is bubbling on the shores of the Mediterranean. England feels the shudder of change, and transfers her aggressive activities from the Old World to the New. Here again are changed

conditions; interruptions of century old policies; opening of new fields for commercial rivalries; possibilities of clashing which render it imperative that America should be more fully armed, more vigilant, and less wasteful of her gigantic resources.

Even here in this group of cities by the sea, and in the whole great Empire State, vast forces are working steadily and silently for change. We are improving the channels through which the wealth of the West is to be poured upon our wharves; and this means that we must soon have changed and improved facilities for receiving and shipping that wealth over sea. We are on the verge of a consolidation of interests which is to make this the second city in the world, with strong chances of being the commercial capital of the civilized races within another quarter of a century. We are opening communication with strange seas and foreign ports, which indicates the definite revival of our seaway commerce. We are building, riding, working under new conditions which far surpass the old. Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six will be a year of marvels.

Modern life is a huge, complicated wonder. Machines seem to think. The emancipation of the workman is near at hand. Millions on millions are given for free education. Abuses are exposed; voters are becoming independent; bosses are getting hard knocks. Once divided sections of the Union are rallying heartily together. The flying machine is no longer derided as an impossibility. The new epoch is to be far more magnificent, far better for the masses, far more beneficent to the weak and feeble, than the old one which we are leaving behind.

Only six millions and a half more, Father Knickerbocker, to add to the budget for the coming year. Reform did it.

## THE ARMOR PLATE INQUIRY.

The resolution offered by Senator Chandler, and agreed to in the Senate, calling for investigation into prices paid for armor for vessels of the navy, seems to hint that we are on the edge of a great department scandal. If it should prove true that any persons connected with the Ordnance Bureau of the navy are guilty of profiting by the manufacture of armor for our ships, by being interested in patents affecting ordnance stores and armor plates, insisting upon the use of the patented material to the exclusion of all others, and thus exacting from the United States a higher price than the manufacturers ask from foreign governments, the people would feel a profound shock.

Officers of the navy, in its every branch, are regarded as gentlemen without reproach, and when one is found culpable of ungentlemanly conduct or "sharp practices" the dignity of the whole nation suffers. The Committee on Naval Affairs should probe this matter to the bottom, and drag into the light of public scorn every person who has been diligent in promoting the growth of his own bank account to the detriment of the interests of the Government and the nation.

## A PERIOD OF "COMMISSIONS."

The intelligent voter, whose attention has latterly been diverted from State politics to a contemplation of the possibilities of international strife, is likely to have recalled very soon, and to witness an exciting struggle at Albany. It is the intention of the dominant party to bring up the subject of Greater New York as soon as the Legislature of 1896 is in working order and to push it through the law-making mill with extreme celerity. It appears that there are no obstacles which cannot be overcome; so that Consolidation may be an accomplished fact some time in February. But this does not imply that we are at once to enter into the joys of a consolidated existence. A charter must be constructed, with laborious attention to detail, and must then be presented to the Legislature of 1897 for acceptance, so that 1898 will arrive before the new composite metropolis is in working order. And now note, if you please, that from the period at which the Legislature of 1895 declares the consolidated scheme permissible until 1898 it is proposed to govern New York City, Brooklyn and Long Island City in large degree by "commissions."

These commissions are to be appointed by the Governor and the Legislature (always providing that the scheme works), and would rule over the present Police, Fire and Health Departments of the three cities. That is to say, that during the period before our worthy "reform Mayor" goes out, and while the preliminaries to absolute union are under discussion, the cities will be brought more completely than ever before under the dominion of the Legislature. This is the direct negation of Home Rule, and the announcement of the attempt confirms the prophecies made during the late campaign, that, unless the next Legislature contained a Democratic majority, the advocates of Home Rule for the great cities of the State might re-

nounce as useless any struggles to maintain their doctrine for several years to come.

Of course the creation of a new Police Commission would have some compensating advantages for us in this city. It would probably put an end to the silly and disastrous campaign in support of the blue laws to which the metropolis has been forced to submit. It would banish the "Presiding Commissioner," as well as his colleagues, and the awful grandeur of his prodigious smile and the exploits of his shirt in hunting down widows or decrepit and retired "sports" who keep small saloons would soon be legends only. Things would be directed from Albany, and the inhabitants of the great cities here by the sea might give up all attention to municipal government. In fact, there would be no municipal government. The State would control nearly everything until the expiration of the terms of Messrs. Strong and Wurster, the present Mayors of New York and Brooklyn.

Then would come the time for the election of the first "grand central Mayor" of Greater New York. Perhaps by that period the rural powers that be would have become so infatuated with their sway that they would decide against any new Mayor for the consolidated cities. They might say: "Government by commissions is a capital scheme, and by keeping it up we escape all danger of Home Rule." It is by no means certain that they could not do this, and thus carry out the grand plan, so much studied and so carefully elaborated, of placing the populations in cities completely at the mercy of the country populations. Upon the dangerous political effects of such a measure it is not necessary just now to insist. They are apparent to every intelligent man. They will encounter a sturdy opposition from the minority at Albany, and Home Rule will make a defence which will be memorable in State annals.

The choice of Mr. Alfred Austin as poet laureate of England, leaving such noble and in many respects incomparable singers as Algernon Charles Swinburne and William Morris out of the reckoning, is an act which will call forth much criticism. Mr. Austin is a true poet, although not a master; is an able and industrious journalist, and even quotes his own poetry in his editorials, if his fellow journalists may be believed. He has also been an able special correspondent in the field. His verse is clear, correct and melodious. He has a liking for the conservative side of things, and will have small sympathy with the democratic leanings of the English masses. But as the poet who will probably be called to close the Victorian era with a "Memorial Ode," he must not blame the Anglo-Saxon world if at that period it sighs for Tennyson.

The official death of the old Court of Common Pleas completes the record of a tribunal which is identified with some of the most momentous events in the history of the city. The old court was distinguished by a long line of jurists whose services have added honor to bench and bar, and the names of its judges, including the two Dalys, Van Hoesen, Arnold, Cowing and Van Wyck, represent qualities which added enduring lustre to American jurisprudence. The disappearance of the Common Pleas to make room for the new Supreme Court is but a step in the development and growth of our institutions of law and justice, and no citizen can wish the new tribunal any better fortune than that it may attain and hold the dignity, ability and integrity of the old.

Kaiser Wilhelm is bound to get worsted in his battle with the German press. He has already had several warnings that the people of his Empire are angry at his vigorous attempts to suppress the free expression of opinion. The sentence of imprisonment imposed upon Herr Hofrichter, an editor who exposed the barbarous punishments used in the House of Correction at Braunweiler, has stirred Germany to the depths, and Wilhelm may soon feel his crown shaky about his ears unless he speedily learns prudence.

The Legislature of 1896 is the first to sit under the new Constitution. Its meeting to-day will be mainly devoted to the reception of Governor Morton's message, which is understood to be temperate, and to suggest numerous reforms. After organization there will probably be adjournment for a week, at the end of which time the talk over Consolidation is likely to begin.

Rafnacker Dyrenfurth, who thinks he can blow up London fogs and liberate the cockneys from a hideous plague, will probably have to run for his life if he fails. To have such a boon promised, and then to be disappointed, would be more than the poor Londoner could stand.

Governor Bradley says that he will use every effort to bring to punishment the persons who committed the recent "outrageous and barbarous crime" in Kentucky. What punishment would Kentucky courts apply for burning a woman to death?

Buy those West Indian Islands from Denmark. Then the United States will have at least one coaling station in the world.

Magistrate Mott is still raging. He has just sent out young men to the workhouse because they were talking and talking in a st

## GOLD AT 1-4 PREMIUM.

Scramble Among Bankers to Accumulate a Store Against a Bond Issue.

J. P. Morgan Closes Subscriptions to a Blind Pool of Two Hundred Million Dollars Gold.

## SENT A MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON.

English Have Little to Do with the Bond Syndicate; German Houses Are Eager to Buy, but Americans Retain Three-Fourths.

A message went from J. P. Morgan yesterday to Washington informing the Secretary of the Treasury that J. P. Morgan stood ready to supply the Government with \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000 gold in exchange for 4 per cent bonds on Mr. Morgan's terms.

The bankers who, on Saturday, were not sure that they could answer Mr. Morgan's request to enter a bond syndicate could not make haste enough to get to Mr. Morgan's office yesterday, when he sent out notice, about 1 o'clock, that applications to participate in the syndicate would not be received after 3 o'clock. There was a great scramble to get a share of the fat contract to supply gold to the Government at profitable terms. The bankers did not know whether Mr. Morgan was acting for himself or for the Federal authorities. They supposed the latter possibility, and went into Mr. Morgan's office and appended their signatures to an agreement which made them partners in a blind pool, which will be managed by J. P. Morgan for a commission of 1 per cent, netting the managers \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000, according to the amount of gold taken by the Government. At 3 o'clock the books were closed with local applications for more than \$200,000,000 bonds recorded.

## MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON.

Having got a hold upon \$200,000,000 in gold, Mr. Morgan sat down and notified the Government what terms he would vouchsafe if the United States Treasury wanted any gold. The contents of Mr. Morgan's letter no one knows except himself, but some idea of the drift can be gained from the following statement of the syndicate which Mr. Morgan had called together, and by a broker, who is one of the participants.

J. P. Morgan & Co. announce at the beginning of the blind application for membership to the bond syndicate that they propose to form such a syndicate to furnish gold for the Government. It is proposed to contract for 5,075,000 ounces of gold and 5,075,000 ounces of silver, or 10,150,000 ounces of gold and silver, at a price to be fixed later. "No application for less than \$100,000 of gold and silver, or 10,150,000 ounces of gold and silver, will be accepted. J. P. Morgan & Co. reserve the right to allot more or less than the amounts bid for. The gold shall be paid in pro rata as called for, and the silver shall be taken from the Treasury to pay for the bonds."

J. P. Morgan & Co. are to receive 1 per cent commission under the agreement which applicants signed.

The expected contract with the Government is on the basis of the last bond contract, in which bonds are sold on a 3/4 per cent basis, or about 104 1/2. It is evident from this statement that J. P. Morgan is not yet committed to the sale of bonds to a syndicate, but that J. P. Morgan has frightened a number of very respectable bankers and capitalists into coming to him for help, and he will proceed to adjust matters at Washington.

Hundreds of banks in the country are reported as desiring to take some of the new bonds. The bankers in New York and Brooklyn were given no opportunity to make their tenders to J. P. Morgan, and the account of the suddenness of his policy.

## GOLD AT A BONDS.

The keen appetite for the new bonds is shown from the action of gold in the open market. It rose to a premium of 1/4 per cent yesterday. It is believed that the transactions were made for future delivery. This premium permits gold to be imported from the foreign exchange houses. Orders were given yesterday for the import of gold. Lawson, Wiedenfeld & Co., Boston, New York, London, ordered \$1,000,000 gold from London, and the \$1,000,000 shipped last Wednesday was yesterday brought for immediate shipment to New York. Several of the German banking houses were buyers of exchange yesterday against prospective imports of gold which are to pay for the new bonds. The premium of 1/4 per cent on gold represents 5 cents on exchange.

As demand sterling sold at \$4.88 1/2 yesterday, the premium brings the actual cost of the exchange to the importer to \$4.83 1/2. There is such an enormous quantity of gold to be obtained on the open market, that a large number of the new gold imports are likely to result, whether the bonds are sold to the syndicate or to the public.

## Harrison, the Refrigerator.

[Chicago Inter-Occur.]  
General Harrison must bear a "fat deal" and is doing a lot of thinking, but he is wisely doing but little talking. The general always had a good head. His greatest fault was coldness, and he has carried this into the war, and the man who contributed to his success.

## Surgical Operation Needed.

[Chicago Tribune.]  
Now that war with England no longer seems imminent the United States can devote itself to the more important business of pacifying Herr Professor von Holst.

## Our Solid Defences.

[Chicago Record.]  
Mr. William Watson has sent a whistling message to the midst of this war, and the republic still stands.

## Why Not Both?

[New Haven Palladium.]  
New York is out with a declaration of "Democratic convention," and is after the President.

## Bessie Bellwo

The wicked occasionally confesses a troubling, and the worthy are at rest. That was my case last night, for I took a few hours "off," and went down to Tony Pastor's to see Elizabeth Ann—otherwise Bessie Bellwo. The town is at present too busy with Yvette Guilbert, at \$16,000 a month, to bother much about good old Elizabeth Ann, whose salary isn't as big. I don't mind admitting, however, if you promise not to hint the confession in my teeth at unexpected moments, that I had a far merrier time listening to Elizabeth Ann than I enjoyed while I was endeavoring to extricate Yvette's subtleties from their Parisian scabiousness. The two ladies are distinctly comparable. In light, dainty Parisian dexterity Yvette wins the day, but in descriptive, dramatic and rollicking interpretations Bessie Bellwo beats Guilbert into a cocked hat. Both have about the same amount of magnetism. It is, therefore, merely a question of whether you prefer your entertainment in French or in English.

For the English, I've a partiality for the mellow tone. This may be all wrong and silly, but I can't help it. English is good as a writer of first class mediocrity—a kind of literature for which there is an absolutely limitless demand on the part of the American public.

But Ruth Ashmore is a woman. No one but a woman could think of so many things to say in the way of advice to girls. Ruth Ashmore tells the girls not to be "slangy" in dress, and points her moral with the story of a young girl who appeared at a dinner party attired in a black broadcloth skirt that fitted her figure closely. With this she wore an evening shirt, a black waistcoat cut low to show the expanse of white linen, and a black dress coat.

Now, what happened to this young girl?

Was she cast into outer darkness? No. Something far worse than that. The son of the hostess—not merely the hostess, but her grown-up son, mind you, and in all probability he was a bachelor and decidedly eligible—said to his mother: "Never invite that girl to the house again. No woman with the least refinement would, even for a jest, appear dressed in that manner."

And although Miss Ashmore does not say so, we know that that reckless young woman in the broadcloth had no further chance to make play for that high-minded and worthy and eligible young man. Then there is the girl who goes a-visiting, and is told to bring her brushes with her, and to be sure to come to the breakfast table neatly dressed and with her hair properly arranged; a timely caution, by the way, for every man who has ever made calls knows that there are some women who never dress themselves until the door bell rings.

And, most important of all, there is the girl who has a sweetheart who, she is told, should not be permitted to kiss her except on rare occasions—really, Miss Ashmore, it's not kind of you to make things more difficult than they are—and there are so many other bits of advice on this delicate subject that the chapters devoted to it are certain to be read with the deepest interest.

"Side Talks with Girls" is a splendid book for men to read, but I wonder that it has not evoked some pertinent and sassy "Back Talk from Girls."

It is published by the Scribners.

## Gibson War News via Spain.

Editor Sir—For the guidance of American readers, we beg to state that the Spanish and Cuban Press Club, which has been lately organized in this city, has no connection whatever either with the Cuban Revolutionary party in the United States, or with the people of Cuba now fighting for freedom and independence.

We are glad to see that the Spanish Government has been found to be convenient to organize an association for the purpose of collecting and furnishing to the American public the war news from Cuba, and we are glad that nothing but the truth will be told. It is curious, however, that the association should be so named. The facts will tell us, and we are giving for publication a telegraphic dispatch from General Canales the contents of which are daily confirmed by the strongest evidence of every body in this country. Well, tendencies inherited for over a thousand years cannot be conferred even by the strongest will. The Spaniards during that long period of time, according to their historians, have invariably been so unkind to the last, and that will be the case so long as the hideous continues to write history. Respectfully yours,

THE CUBAN DELEGATION PRESS COMMITTEE.

No. 34 New street.

## About 3,000 Tons a Trip.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you please let me know how many tons of coal such steamers as the Paris and Canada use in one trip of eight days? I am sure you will find it interesting, and remain one of your readers. Answer through the newspaper.

New York, Dec. 30, 1895.

## Triumph of Tinkering.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

The principal object of the Republican scheme in Congress seems to have been to frame such a revenue measure as the Democrats would be unable to support. It is a step toward the assumption by the United States of the Confederate debt.

## Voice of an Anarchist.

[New Orleans Dispatch.]

It would be a good scheme to swap New York City for Great Britain for British Columbia. Everybody would then be satisfied, and the country would be better off.

## LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Within the past six months I have heard a horrible rumor repeated so many times and with such apparent sincerity that I have found myself wondering if it could possibly be true. I hope that it is false, and if it is not I hope that my friends will conspire together to make me believe that it is. If false, then let the miscreants who set the story afloat be caught and delivered over to the tormentors—the miscreants who first gave currency to the rumor that Ruth Ashmore, one of the most valued contributors to the Ladies' Home Journal, and the author of the fascinating work, "Side Talks with Girls," was not a woman at all, but a man, masquerading under a feminine nom de plume.

At the same time I desire to say that if it is a member of my own sex who has held this broad continent breathless with interest while he chatted with the girls on all sorts of personal topics, then I wish to be the first to salute him as the coming man of American letters. In my opinion the author of "The Young Girl at the Wash Stand," "The Girl Who Loves Bread and Malt," and "What to Do with a Sweetheart," has a great future before him as a writer of first class mediocrity—a kind of literature for which there is an absolutely limitless demand on the part of the American public.

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Mr. Crockett is at his best in short stories. This is the decision reached after a perusal of his latest book, "A Galloway Herd." One of the first chapters of this book is a detached sketch, and it is the following out of the lives of the widow and child of Walter Anderson, the no-doubt-well son of a Scotch minister, that constitutes this story.

It is a curious, inconsequent piece of work, and reads more like a set of sketches thrown together than a connected story. The going to Paris of four of the principal characters for no apparent reason except to enable the author to describe one or two incidents of the Commune, the sudden appearances of the villain from time to time and the wonderfully opportune rescue of Walter and sudden conversion of Savney Bean, tax our credulity somewhat.

The very title is misleading, for the "A Galloway Herd" is young Walter Anderson, who seems to have been only about fifteen when the story ends, and was then going to a good school instead of looking after flocks and herds.

But in spite of all this the book is interesting, not on account of its plot, but because of the sketches of Scotch life scattered through its pages. The description of Savney Bean's skill in poaching and knowledge of woodcraft is excellent, and "Savney Bean's method of getting her father's consent to her marriage" is a brilliant portion into the bargain is inimitable. The book is published by Fenn.

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[New Orleans Dispatch.]

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## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

When the clock struck 12 last night all the Spanish families in the city, whether from Cuba, Mexico, South America or the mother country, sat down to their New Year feast.

One minute later they were on their feet again, toasting the newborn year in the red wine of Spain. Then they seated themselves once more, each to enjoy a banquet for cost, plenty and duration, exceeded the feast of any other race. This midnight supper is the greatest event of the year among Spaniards of all countries. Without it no properly organized Spaniard can cheerfully welcome the birth of another twelvemonth. It takes the place of the mid-day or evening dinner of other countries. The average Spaniard eats more on New Year's Eve than at any other time throughout the year, though he has a hearty appetite at all times. Christmas is celebrated in like manner. The Christmas dinner of your true Hidalgo is a tame affair compared to his Christmas Eve supper—the feast of Noche Buena, or the Good Night. And so it is with his New Year's feast. He begins at 12 o'clock, and eats bravely and steadily until 4 or 5 in the morning.

A typical New Year's supper was one that began last night conventionally enough with oysters and soup, but introduced with the third course all sorts of queer, highly-spiced, over-sweetened Spanish dishes. There was an odd but not unpalatable combination of rice and string beans, covered with an oozy sauce, that tasted very much like some of the delicacies of the Midway Plaisance restaurants. When this was eaten, bonbons were passed around in silver baskets and the merry-makers munched and candy with as much apparent zest as that experienced by small children. A strange change, indeed, from severe to lively, and by no means unwelcome. Other dishes followed, chops and cutlets and small steaks smothered in the most astonishing sauces and smelling like a page of the "Arabian Nights." Every known species of pepper was mixed up with them, to say nothing of onions and okra and palmetto pith. Not a bad dish, by the way, that palmetto pith. It tastes much like a superior quality of sweet potato or a highly cultured hothouse pumpkin. And then the carrots! They were served in all degrees of taste, from sour to sweet, with salt, pepper, butter, sugar, vinegar, tabasco catsup and chowchow dressing. The ham had been boiled until it was as tender as spring lamb, and soaked in champagne and a lot of other good things, and stuck all over with cloves, spices, raisins, citron and tiny bonbons. Before the last operation it had been incised with a very hot iron, and carefully as if it were a dress shirt, until its delicious juices were cooked to a jelly.

That ham was a porcine poem. So was it with the rest of the course. Everything had a piquant flavor and a pretty dressing and looked, as an artistic senorita remarked, far too good to eat. And, indeed, everything was flavored with that insistent good humor characteristic of the Spaniard when he is on merry-making bent. Wit flowed as fast as the wine, and even the champagne was not more sparkling.

"Eulinda has fallen upon troublous times," writes a lady contributor, who is a housekeeper as well. "Eulinda is my colored servant, one of those 'dark complexioned' Southern negroes, with a nature so common to the race, in which are blended the wisdom of ages and the inconsequence of a child. This young woman is the saddest advertisement I have seen for the exigencies that come up in my own affairs and of doing the most absurd things in the exigencies that come up in hers. Now, after having passed unscathed through many vicissitudes, Eulinda has fallen upon troublous times—she is in love. George is an expert, with the polite manners and talking ways in which Eulinda delights; handsome, and much younger than Eulinda,